

## THE NORTHWEST

## THE PLATFORM.

An Admirable Document of Great Strength and With the True Democratic Ring—A Rallying Paper for the People.

The Democracy of Ohio, in convention assembled, congratulates the country upon the fact that the party of the people has been restored to power, and with it the promises of its leaders and hopes of its followers are being fully realized.

2. We cordially endorse the administration of President Cleveland, as we believe the people of all parties are convinced that his official conduct has been marked by great courage and honesty, and we join with him in his efforts to secure a genuine and permanent reform in every branch and department of the public service.

3. We express our sincere sorrow and acknowledge our great loss by the death of that distinguished soldier, orator and statesman, Gen. Durbin Ward. We bear testimony to his courage, integrity and patriotism, and realize that we are indebted to him for wise counsel and fearless advocacy of our cause in our campaigns for many years. We join with the Democrats of the country in mourning over the still more recent loss of that illustrious man, Samuel J. Tilden, who by common consent was for many years the leader of the Democracy of America, and who was honestly and fairly elected the nineteenth President of the United States. We also lament the death of those other distinguished Democrats, Thomas A. Hendricks, the idol and trusted leader for so many years of the Democracy of Indiana, and at the time of his death Vice President of the United States; also of George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour and Winfield Scott Hancock, who have all been our leaders in contests for the highest office within the gift of our people, and whose courage, wisdom and patriotism have made them dear to every true American. The names and the careers of these men remind us that as long as we follow their examples and imitate their virtues so long shall we have brilliant leadership and our cause and party be preserved.

4. Taxes should not be collected beyond the needs of government economically administered, and we hereby reaffirm the principles laid down in our last National platform upon the tariff question, and demand a thorough and just revision of existing tariff laws. We heartily approve the policy of paying out the surplus revenues heretofore accumulated in the Treasury, on the interest-bearing debt and pensions to disabled soldiers and their widows.

5. Every dollar of unnecessary taxation, State or National, is robbery, and in derogation of the rights of the people. An unnecessary surplus in the treasury is an incentive to corruption and Congressional jobbery, and an oppression of the people whose money is thus locked up beyond their control. The prosperity of a country must necessarily depend largely upon the harmonious relations between labor and capital, and we favor the principle of arbitration in the settlement of all differences between these great interests.

6. We denounce the attempt to change the measure of values in the face of the world's vast debts from gold and silver to gold alone, as an act of monstrous injustice, and demand that both gold and silver, as established by the Constitution shall be maintained as the basis of our money system.

7. We approve the action of the Democratic House of Congress in forfeiting and restoring to the public domain for homesteads for actual settlers nearly a hundred millions of acres of unearned lands heretofore granted by Republican Congresses to railroad corporations, and we also approve the act preventing alien ownership in large tracts of public lands in the United States.

8. We approve the prompt, firm and vigorous action of the present Democratic administration in the protection of American citizens in foreign countries.

9. In common with the Democracy of the country we express our sympathy with Ireland and her great struggle for home rule. The friends of liberty throughout the world are deeply interested in the effort which the supporters of Gladstone and Parnell are now making to give the right to govern themselves to the long-suffering and greatly wronged Irish people, and we sincerely hope the struggle of Ireland for her just rights shall be crowned with complete success.

10. We denounce the usurpations of the Republican Lieutenant Governor and less than a quorum of Republican Senators of the State Senate as acts of revolution, and a grave crime against the constitution of Ohio and a precedent too dangerous to be permitted to pass uncondemned by the people of the State.

11. We demand that every safeguard of the ballot shall be maintained, and that the votes of the people shall be honestly cast and honestly counted, and that every crime against the purity of the ballot box shall be promptly and vigorously punished whenever and by whomsoever committed.

12. We denounce and condemn the partisan reorganization of the penal and benevolent institutions of the State, not made with a view to increase the efficiency of their management, but with the intent to control their revenues and incidental powers for partisan purposes, thus dragging down to the basest uses the willing gifts of a generous people for the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate.

13. We are apposed to an increase in the tax burdens upon the agricultural interests of the State of Ohio as recommended by Governor Forker in his special message to the Legislature and embodied in bills now pending before that body, and demand that the untaxed wealth now withheld from taxation by evasion and artifice shall be placed upon the tax duplicate, thereby relieving those tax-payers who are already overburdened.

14. We demand home rule for the municipal governments of the State, and denounce the act of the so-called Legislature abolishing the elective officers of Cincinnati and creating in their stead a purely partisan Board appointed by the Governor for purposes of plunder, as in violation of the bill of rights, unconstitutional, unjust, and for the sole purpose of enriching a ring and controlling the elective franchise in the metropolis of the State.

15. Believing that the evils growing out of the traffic in intoxicating liquors can best be provided against by a well-regulated license system, we renew our declaration in favor of an amendment to the constitution that will permit

judicious regulation of the traffic, and repress its abuses, without destroying the principles of personal liberty or the right of private judgment or lessening the incentives to self control.

16. We heartily endorse the course of Hon. H. B. Payne as the representative of the State in the Senate of the United States. The purity and integrity of his character are well known to the people of Ohio, and we rejoice that the Republican Senate of the United States refused to become the medium through which the baffled and malicious Republican politicians sought to injure the fair fame of a man whose life is honorably interwoven with the history of the State for more than half a century.

## CLEVELAND AND THE COLORED MAN.

He Believes in Keeping His Promise to them.

NEW YORK, August 21.—Mr. T. M. McCants Stewart recently wrote the President approving the reappointment of Mr. Matthews to succeed Frederick Douglas. He said the administration was rebuking narrow-minded men of both parties, and was liberalizing and dividing the colored vote. He has received the following reply, dated August 11.

"My Dear Sir: I cannot resist the temptation to absolutely steal time from your gratifying letter in relation to the reappointment of Mr. Matthews. I very much hope that this act will not be regarded as in any way defiant to the Senate, or as an attempt to appear heroic. I have deemed the question involved in this matter as one rising above politics and as offering a test of good faith and adherence to pledges—nothing more or less. When this thing is put face to face, there should be no shuffling. It is absurd to promise all and perform nothing. If the colored man is worthy of a promise, he is absolutely entitled to its fulfillment by every honorable man. I am glad you are pleased, but fail to see how I am entitled to special credit for being honest.

Yours truly,  
[Signed] GROVER CLEVELAND.

## A CAMPAIGN OF PRINCIPLE.

Some Gossip from the Democratic Headquarters at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Business is brisk at the rooms of the Democratic congressional campaign committee now. The campaign book is already in demand, as are speeches and pamphlets on various subjects, and clerks find full employment. The information received indicates a live campaign, and bright Democratic prospects all over the country. Acting Secretary Thompson of the committee said to the *Star* correspondent to-day that the prospects were highly encouraging.

"There is every reason to believe, indeed," said he, "that the Democratic majority in the next House will be fully as large as in the present one. And that, of course, means Carlisle for Speaker again without opposition."

"The reports of divisions within the Democratic ranks, then, have been exaggerated?"

"The supposed effect of them has been most materially. There are divisions, of course, here and there, principally in the South, and they have grown out of the distribution of patronage. Democratic Congressmen who for the first time found themselves charged with that responsibility, were not to be envied. Let them act as they might, there were serious consequences to follow. There were not places enough to go around, and men who were disappointed grew resentful toward their members. But this feeling does not extend or apply to the party. The nominee will in nearly every instance receive the full party vote."

"How about funds?"

"Our collections have been small.—The same is true, too, I am told, of the other side. It is not to be a campaign of boodle, but of principle and printers' ink."

Gentle reader, did you ever notice the man who is waiting for the train?

He walks into the depot, and after wandering around and gazing at all the time tables, he sits down with a sigh and begins to read his paper, but before he has had time to read an item about being bitten to death by New Jersey mosquitoes, he is on his feet again. He hurries up to the window of the ticket office and inquires: "Is there a train for New Haven at 10:30?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he goes back to his seat again, but suddenly he looks up at the clock, and hurries again to the ticket office with the inquiry, "Is that clock right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thanks." Here he wanders out on the platform and walks up and down a few times, but the impulse is too strong and he again approaches the pedler of tickets.

"I suppose the train is on time to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right; thank you."

This time he goes to where he left his grip and paper and moves them to another seat, and having arranged them to his satisfaction he again nears the ticket window.

"Is that ice water in the cooler there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Much obliged. You say the train is on time?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your sure about the clock being right?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is that my train coming now?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right; thanks."

And then the patient ticket agent closes the window and sits down to wait for the next fender who wants to take the train.—*Albany Argus*.

## Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder.

Dr. W. D. Hoyt, Rome, Ga., Says

"I can conceive of no better preparation to use in making bread, biscuits, rolls, gems, etc. It is not only not unhealthful, but positively beneficial. In spite of all that has been said on the subject, people will eat bread made of flour from which all the bran has been removed. Nearly all the phosphates, the most valuable elements for the nutrition of the nerves and bones, are thus removed, and it is also a recognized fact amongst physicians that great injury results in consequence. Any preparations which will replace the valuable elements are certain to be of great benefit to those who use them, compensating as they do, to a great extent, for the absence of the bran, etc. I can therefore, cordially recommend them."

## The Hour Before Dawn.

BY W. T.

The latest September days had come in all their perfection—days when the pure, cool air seemed like and elixir of life and youth—when there was the first suggestion of the exquisitely sad days of the dying glory of summer time in the hazy, red gold atmosphere that hung silently over lowland and lawn.

Blanche Carroll sat on the low doorstep of the farmhouse that had been her home that summer, looking out through the twilight with wishful eyes that were blue as heaven's dome.

Thanking—always thinking, it seemed to her, since those other days, not yet a year gone by, when instead of being what she was now, Mrs. Pemberton's half-sister, daughter, friend, whatever one chose to call the intimate relation that existed between them—when, instead of this, she had been belle and heiress, whose sway was undisputed, whose reign had been as magnificently triumphant as its sudden ending had been pitifully sharp and bitter.

She had never, in all her eighteen years of gay joyous life, known what it meant to have a wish ungratified—a want, however imaginary, unfulfilled.

There had never been any lack of ready money; there had been horses, and carriages, and servants, at the girl's signal, and trips to the Continent whenever the fancy seized her.

Then had come the terrible financial earthquake, and a week after, Blanche Carroll had learned from the lips of her distracted father that everything must go, even to her jewels and lace, and costly little elegancies, so that his name would not be dishonored for the first time in his life.

A week after that day, which had seemed the most dreadful of all possible days, someone had come to her, and added the very blackness of darkness to her woe by telling her of how Mr. Carroll was dead in his office chair—apoplexy or paralysis—which, was not yet decided.

Blanche almost collapsed under that second blow. Never having remembered her mother, she had loved her father with double intensity.

And when he was dead and buried, the world yawned before her, with no protecting arm between her and it—when there did not remain a hundred pounds in all the wide world she could call her own.

Poor Blanche!

And yet it was not the very worst. The worst of all was Elmer Westcott's defection, with scores of those whom she had in implicit belief were her best, truest, dearest—others whose defection hurt her for the time, but whom she learned she could readily exist without.

But Elmer Westcott? He had been all that was most noble, most perfect, grandest in masculine human nature. To him she had looked with almost the reverence of a devotee to her patron saint.

His physical beauty had commanded her passionate admiration, his qualities of mind had called out all her keenest approbation, and his peculiarly masterful way had taught the girl for the first time in her life how sweet it was to be governed.

There had never been an engagement between them, and yet Blanche had been so positively sure he loved her. She had seen it in his eyes, time and again. She had more than once listened to sweet, suggestive words he had spoken, in his low, thrilling voice.

She had with good reason, built the most beautiful castle of their future together, and had been only waiting his pleasure to speak, when her trouble came to her.

And, with all other summer friends, he, too, had left her, without a word, without a sign, to think what she chose, to suffer or not, as the case might be. Then, in her distress, her sorely-wounded pride, her desolation of soul, Blanche had rushed away from London—away up among the cool, green hills of Cumberland, where she was not mistaken in supposing she had one friend left—Mrs. Pemberton, who although personally a stranger to her, Blanche knew had been a dear, warm friend in girlhood days of her dead mother.

And so it came to pass that Blanche Carroll made her home in the tenant farmhouse, where with light, womanly duties and pleasant responsibilities, she was bravely striving to forget her bitter past, and the sound of Elmer Westcott's voice, and the look in his eyes.

She was thinking of all this as she sat in the twilight, that cool, breezy September night, and into the beautiful blue eyes came such a wistfulness and heart-sick woe that dear, motherly Mrs. Pemberton, looking up from her knitting, saw the misery.

"It will never, never do!" she said, energetically—so much so that her kindly, emphatic tones brought a sudden dash of color to Blanche's face. "It will never do—the way you allow yourself to brood on things that you can't help. I am really delighted to think John will be home so soon. He will take you in charge, and make you give up these useless memories, which only seem to make you miserable. Such a dear, blessed old boy as my John is, Blanche, or so handsome? Why, I confidently expect it will be a case of mutual affinity, you and he, unless he has lost his heart abroad; this year he has been to Germany!"

A case of affinity for her! Blanche felt a thrill of sick pain Mrs. Pemberton never imagined her words had caused, for, although she knew there was a love-story entangled somehow with Blanche's life, the girl had been proudly reticent on particulars, or Elmer Westcott's name.

Mrs. Pemberton talked so much, so often, of her darling, "her blessed boy," her only son, John, who, to her, fulfilled every dream of manly excellence and perfection.

And Blanche used to wonder often what the quiet home would be like when Mrs. Pemberton's son came into it.

She used to wonder how it would be possible for her to endure the presence of anyone who would in any way remind her of man's perfidy and heartlessness.

But if their lives—her life—was to be invaded by a man.

Well, after a time, she grew to be ashamed of her morbid cowardice of feeling, and resolved, with a stern determination that was pitiful, that John Pemberton—an odd, strengthful name it was to her—should not interfere with the duties of the quiet life she had chosen, and which, although she was hardly content with it, was leaving its impress of discipline and patience, and nobility on her nature.

Nevertheless, the pain—the very bit-

terness of woe—was not removed. Her father's death she could, in the ordinary healing course of nature, have got over.

Loss of wealth, position, and summer friends would, after a time, have been a trifle to her.

But Elmer Westcott's defection! So long as she lived, it would hurt her with that keen, sick pain which some women do suffer—women with great purity and trust of nature, who can no more imagine deceit and cruelty in one they love than themselves are capable of it. Truly it was her darkest hour.

To her, Elmer Westcott would always be the one who alone had power to touch her heart. To her he would always be the beloved, though not the lover—the one above all others, although unworthy, strangely, paradoxical as it were.

So Blanche tried her best and bravest to enter into Mrs. Pemberton's spirits of welcome for her son.

She beautified his room, that for more than a year had stood alone in its unoccupancy. She baked delicious cakes, and arranged toothsome bills of fare, and went through the whole house, leaving everywhere the impression of her artistic touch, that delighted Mrs. Pemberton so thoroughly.

"John will appreciate it so, bless his dear heart! Blanche, I never wanted anything in all my life as I want my boy."

And do, Blanche, make him feel, so far as you are concerned, that you make him welcome; will you?"

Up in her room, hours after, Blanche remembered particularly what dear old Mrs. Pemberton had said about her contributing her share towards welcoming and pleasing the coming guest, and as she stood before the glass, brushing out the long, lustrous hair, that was full of gleams of sunshine, she thought how far past the time it was when she could be a pleasure or a pride to anyone.

She thought how worn out she had grown to be, how aged and old-womanish her fierce, ceaseless fight with fate had left her, and she smiled wearily at the idea of her being even thought of when John Pemberton came.

I think Blanche really thought it was so—that she was worn and faded, when, instead of her old-time radiant, sparkling beauty, she was a sweet, subdued, serious loveliness, which others recognized and admired if she did not.

She had never in all her flush of beauty, and wealth, and happiness, made a fairer picture than she looked that day, after she had dressed for Mrs. Pemberton's son's home-coming.

She wore white, with delicate blue ribbons, and her lovely hair was piled high on her head in a golden confusion of glossy puffs, and tendril rings, and glossy braids.

It seemed strange to Blanche she could not possibly take an interest in the coming of this gentleman—she who, not so very long ago, had so thoroughly enjoyed a flirtation.

She wondered why, in spite of herself, she was so listlessly indifferent, and honestly tried to catch the infection of Mrs. Pemberton's excitement of joy.

The old lady had put on her best dress—a rich, rustling silk—to do honor to her son's coming, and Blanche thought, as she went into her parlor, that she had never seen a sweeter tableau of placid, aged beauty, and happy old days, than Mrs. Pemberton offered, in her lace cap and gray puffs, and pale face lighted by such glad eyes.

"How your son ought to worship such a mother!" she said with a warmly graceful little impulsiveness—a characteristic of other days, to which she seldom gave way now. "Mr. Pemberton surely does."

Mrs. Pemberton jumped up from her chair at the sound of carriage wheels at the door.

"He has come! Oh, Blanche! But whatever possessed you to think his name was Pemberton?" Why, John is my first husband's son!"

And Blanche slipped out of the back door as the gentleman came in the front one—went away upstairs again, leaving mother and son to the sweet sacredness of their glad meeting.

In all her life, Blanche had never felt so lonely as in that half-hour she spent upstairs, knowing how entirely forgotten she was. She was not selfish, either, but it seemed as if all the trouble she had ever known came surging its waves of keen remembrance over her.

She realized as she had never done before how pitifully alone she was in the world, and then into the midst of the harrowing thoughts, the tears that had left her heart but had not yet reached her sweet, sad eyes, in to the midst of the desolation of her young life, came Mrs. Pemberton's voice quick, glad, exultant, as she cried from the foot of the stairs.

"Blanche, Blanche, do come down! There's a mystery I can't quite understand. Come here!"

And Blanche, half smiling at the dear old lady's pardonable excitement, went quietly, promptly, to be presented to her son.

Mrs. Pemberton caught her by both hands, to drag her perforce into the parlor.

"It beats all I ever did hear of! I never was so—"

Just then a tall, handsome gentleman came through the parlor door, with quick, eager steps, and Blanche looked and saw Elmer Westcott.

"Blanche Carroll! my darling, whom I thought I had lost until a moment ago! Blanche, my love!"

And the girl stood looking at him, clutching Mrs. Pemberton's hand in a vice-like grasp that was as chill as death, her face pale as her dress, her eyes full of mingled piteous bewilderment, and wondering doubt, and mute ecstasy.

"To think I never once thought of telling you John's name was Westcott! You see, I always call him John, although Elmer is prettier, and he has an equal to it, it being his middle name. And to think—Well, I'm clean beat!"

And Mrs. Pemberton sank down in the hall chair, and wiped her eyes and her glistening, while Mr. Westcott took Blanche in his arms and kissed her, and hastily explained what she did not fully understand till later—how he had written to her in the hour of his sudden, imperative departure abroad—how he had sent letter after letter, and how he had concluded she had done with him.

And they both knew then that Blanche's equally sudden removal from her old home, and her self-elected retirement to the country, had been sufficient reason why she never had received what would so have changed all her life for her.

But the sunshine was come at last—the glad, bright sunshine, was all the better for the dark weather that had so long hidden it.

And Blanche's life blossomed out anew, under the radiant influences of love and hope.

## B. &amp; O. EXCURSIONS.

The following Special Excursion Rates are announced by the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Columbus & Cincinnati Midland R. R. Co.'s:

August 17th and 18th, Sept. 7th and 21st. Round trip excursion tickets to all land points in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota, at not over one fare for the round trip.

Ohio State Fair, at Columbus, Aug. 30th and 31st, and Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d. Rate, one fare for the round trip from all points in Ohio.

West Virginia State Fair, at Wheeling, Sept. 6th to 11th. Rate, one fare for the round trip from Zanesville and intermediate stations.

Ohio Brigade Encampment, at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Sept. 1st and 2d. Rate, one fare and a third.

Sixty-Second Regiment Reunion, at New Lexington, Sept. 2d and 3d. Rate, one fare and a third.

Hicksville Fair, at Hicksville, O., Sept. 21st to 24th. Rate, a fare and a third from Defiance, Garrett, and intermediate stations.

Fat Stock Show, at Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8th to 19th. Rate, a fare and a third from Milford Junction and intermediate stations.

Illinois State Fair, at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6th to 10th. Rate from Milford Junction and intermediate stations one fare for the round trip.

The Tenth Reunion of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, and the Encampment of the Department of Ohio, Grand Army of the Republic, at Portsmouth, O., Sept. 7th to 10th. Rate, one cent per mile for organized bodies. One fare for the round trip to the public.

The Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar, at St. Louis, Sept. 18th to 20th. Round trip tickets will be sold, good for return passage to Sept. 28th, at 1 ct. per mile, on short mileage, to members of the Order, their bands, servants, and families. For the public, one fare for the round trip.

Erle County Fair, at Sandusky, Sept. 21st to 24th. Rate, a fare and a third from Mansfield and intermediate stations.

Defiance County Fair, at Defiance, O., Sept. 28th to Oct. 1st. Rate, a fare and a third from Hicksville, Holgate, and intermediate stations.

Seneca County Fair, at Tiffin, O., Sept. 28th to Oct. 1st. Rate, a fare and a third from Chicago Junction, Fostoria and intermediate stations.

## Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store.

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JOHN R. McLEAN, Publisher and Proprietor.

## B. &amp; O. Time Tables.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC RY.

Time Card taking effect Sunday, July 13.

GOING EAST.

No. 42—New York Limited... 6:09 a.m.  
48—Toledo Accommodation... 6:49 a.m.  
44—Through Express... 10:09 p.m.  
41—Atlantic Express... 10:49 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 43—Pacific Express... 7:00 a.m.  
41—Through Express... 11:49 a.m.  
49—St. Louis Express... 6:30 p.m.  
47—Fast Mail... 6:30 p.m.

No. 44 does not stop between Napoleon and Toledo. No. 44 stops at Liberty, White House and South Toledo only, between Napoleon and Toledo. No. 43 stops at Defiance and Defiance Junction only, between Napoleon and Ft. Wayne. No. 41 and 49 are run through trains between Toledo and St. Louis.

J. K. WITHERS, Agent, Napoleon.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD May 30th, 1886.

WEST BOUND.

	9:00am	7:30am	5:00pm
Lv. Baltimore	9:00	7:30	5:00
Washington	10:00	8:30	6:00
Pittsburgh	8:45pm	7:00pm	4:45pm
Wheeling	7:30	6:00	3:30pm
B			